

LYRICS

—BY THE LATE—

GEORGE PIRIE, ESQ.,

FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE

GUELPH "HERALD."



GUELPH.
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1874.

PREFACE.

This publication is not so complete as could have been desired in consequence of the loss of a large number of Mr. Pirie's poetical writings. This may have been partly due to the fact that the idea of their publication in this form was never contemplated until sometime after Mr. Pirie's death.

The following sketch of Mr. Pirie's life is taken from the *Scottish American Journal*:

"John Ramsay and George Pirie were both Aberdonians,* although the former happened to draw his first breath in the city of London. Both were born in the last year of the last century, and both died in the present year—the one closing his eyes in his own, although not his native city, on the 4th of June; the other, who first saw light there, sinking to rest in his adopted land on the 23rd of July.

Both were journalists. Mr. Ramsay, however, terminated his connection with the press the very year Mr. Pirie commenced his. Both were vigorous writers and independent thinkers; both were possessed of no despicable poetical talent; both were in some measure like others of their kind—disappointed men. The one, however, from the necessities of a large family and other causes, never succumbed to the tortures of bodily weakness, but worked heroically, almost to the very last, at his ordinary vocation; and in it occasionally rose out of and above such hindrances, and stirred up others by his words. The other, without family ties, never having formed any, was obliged by failing health (and was able at the same time) to quit active work at a comparatively early date, although had encouragement smiled on his aspirations, he might have worked on in a sphere in which a peculiar talent seemed to promise success. It was otherwise ordained.

Mr. Ramsay appears to have been in figure and appearance a singular contrast to Mr. Pirie. The former, a short, stout, determined individual, bearing, as he fondly imagined, a striking resemblance to the first Napoleon—fitted to command, indisposed to yield; the latter, as we recollect him for so many years, attenuated to a remarkable degree, with a shrill, weak voice, and all the appearance of one between whom and death there was but a step.

Activity and change characterized the career of the one as well as of the other, but the contrast here, too, was great, though not inexplicable. Literary pursuits from the first engrossed Mr. Ramsay's attention. Originally occupying the place of tutor in different families; then holding the position of a master in Gordon's Hospital, Aberdeen; twice contesting the head-mastership of that institution; conducting in succession two local periodicals of some temporary celebrity, and for the last fourteen years of his public life acting as sub-editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, the oldest newspaper in the north of Scotland, only appearing again as a candidate for office on the occurrence of a vacancy in the Mathematical Chair in Marischal College and University.

Mr. Pirie, on the other hand, without thoughts of literary labor, started early in life for himself; got some acquaintance with business in London; came to Canada in the same connection; caught there the weary asthma which thereafter became his life-long companion; returned to his native city; made an almost boyish marriage; carried on business there for some years with no great success; finally returned to Canada; settled and worked on a bush farm for ten years; then gave it up; married a second time; and for the last twenty-two years of his life conducted the *Quebec Herald* as editor and proprietor.

Both were social men. Mr. Ramsay, however, would not appear to have had much sympathy with temperance views, which were for many years exemplified and advocated by Mr. Pirie. Both were benevolent, but with their different opportunities giving effect to this trait diverse ways. It could not be otherwise. Mr. Pirie was not in circumstances to amass a fortune, or secure even an independence that would sanction retirement. He had to keep at his work, and did keep at it as long as he could. What he could do in a beneficent way he had to do in life.

and that was not little we are told. In his capacity of secretary for twenty-one years of the Guelph St. Andrew's Society, he had much opportunity to assist the friendless. As a member of the Grammar and Common School Board he also took a great interest and an active part in promoting the cause of education in the place of his abode. Mr. Ramsay could do more in a pecuniary way. He made divers bequests to local charities, and left the residue of his fortune to the fund for "Aged and Indigent Gentlewomen." He likewise manifested his interest in education, which, as a teacher at one time, would have a special claim on his sympathy, in the legacy of £100 to provide a gold medal annually for the Grammar School of Aberdeen, where the Ramsays and Piries of past generations have got that start in life which has helped to make men—and no mean men—of many of them.

Mr. Pirie was conservative in his politics, and an unwavering friend to his party. His patriotism more than once had ample room for marked expression, and his poetical vein for exercise, when the volunteer force of his adopted land had to be called out. We are told by one of the local journals which recorded his death that "when he espoused a cause or took up a question he held to it firmly, because he judged it was right, and more than once sacrificed his own interests in advocating what he considered was for the public good."

If it could be said with truth of Mr. Ramsay by the well known Joseph Hume, to whom for a short time he acted as private secretary, "I never saw the like of you, Ramsay; you'll neither lead nor drive," we can well imagine the following expression of his views to be genuine, as given in the introductory article at the commencement of one of the periodicals he conducted: "Devotion to a party we consider a sure indication of a weak intellect and a worthless heart. The enlightened philanthropist spurns the fetters of party, and walks abroad in his honest zeal to promote the best interests of his kind."

Such were the two. Peace be to their memory.

A. D. F.

*George Pirie, born 25th February, 1799; died at Guelph, Ontario, 23rd July, 1870. John Ramsay, born 18th September, 1799; died at Aberdeen, Scotland, 4th June, 1870.



PHRENOLOGICAL OPINION.

You possess a large and ponderous brain, indicative of a weighty and influential mind. Its quality is essentially mental, still it ever requires the force of circumstances to bear upon it in order to evoke its active and powerful energies.

Your perceptive or knowing faculties are fully and proportionably developed. Your observation is keen, searching and critical. You are generally inclined to see external objects in their proper light. While you examine minutely in detail, you can also generalize; and individualize persons, places, and objects in general. You possess a very retentive memory, more in reference, however, to transactions and incidents which have come more immediately under your own personal inspection, than to abstract ideas or historical truth. Your geographical knowledge is most extensive. There is scarcely a spot you have travelled over but what you could map out and delineate with accuracy and ease. This, combined with your great ideality and large concentrativeness, enables you to become a graphic and entertaining writer. You are very partial to the works of travellers, and devour their contents with greediness and absorbing interest. You are not yourself much of a traveller. Though you have a most anxious desire to see strange and magnificent places and objects, still you love more to travel around the fireside with Cook, Humboldt, or Lander near at hand. You seem to have a precise idea of form, size and harmonious proportion. You are extremely fastidious, and particular about method or arrangement. You are fond of architecture. You love to see a well laid-out farm, with its furrows and fences precise and perfect. Still this feeling has no particular reference to yourself, personally you are not very tidy. As an author or editor you are particularly so. In the expression of your ideas on paper you are elaborately systematical. You write with plainness and precision. You do not make a good public speaker or orator. You have a hundred more ideas than you can adequately enunciate *vice versa*. You are a first rate mental calculator, and you are fond of studying statistical information. You possess a good knowledge of the philosophy of sweet harmony; but you are, yourself, not a very good vocalist; you would make a better instrumentalist. Your constructive and inventive genius is large. You have not only a pretty accurate knowledge of mechanical philosophy, but these faculties lead you more to pick out some magnificent scheme, which would interest the great mass of mankind. You are a stern and consecutive reasoner, and you discriminate with nicety and care. The pursuit and accumulation of knowledge has ever been your hobby from your youth upward. You must be in every respect a self made man. Your own profound reflections have done infinitely more for you than ever an imposed education has done. You are yet always learning and arriving at a knowledge of higher truths. But although you are essentially a progressive thinker, still you hold fast that which you formerly received as truth, and will not let it go until it has not a leg of evidence to stand upon. You are an ardent and somewhat dog-

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SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

THE PILOT THAT STANDS BY THE HELM.

When the wild winds are out and the waves
rush to whirl,
We look to the pilot that stands by the helm;
And if from the past we have cause to confide
In the steersman that guides our stout bark
o'er the tide—
In his skill to direct and his nerve to command
We dread not the breakers that girdle the
land;
The tempest may come in its fearfulest form,
We trust to the pilot to weather the storm.

Hurrah! for our pilot, our stout-hearted
pilot,
Around him, to aid him, we'll gather and
form:
The good ship may reel, but the hands at
the wheel
Know well that the pilot can weather the
storm.

When the demons of Faction and Folly have
met,
And their hope is to founder the Ship of the
State;
We look to our steersman, the trusted and
tried;
In his skill and his courage we hope and con-
fide.

The flag of "Our Union" is nailed to the mast
"Our Queen and our Country!" peals over
the blast;
Let tempests the faces of the ocean deform,
We trust to our pilot and laugh at the storm.

Hurrah! for our pilot, &c.

HURRAH FOR THE NEW DOMINION.

"In spite o' might, in spite o' flight,
In spite o' jeers, an' a' that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day for a' that."

Hurrah for the New Dominion!
'Tis founded on public opinion;
Mid the blessings of peace
May the nation increase,
Till the twin oceans bound the Dominion.

Hurrah for the statesman who reared it—
Who the cope-stone have laid while we cheer-
ed it,
Who have roused up the land
For the Union to stand,
And to ev'ry true heart have endeared it.
Hurrah for the "good men and true,"
Who have stood by "The red, white, and blue,"
Who, when Faction assailed,
Neither lingered nor quailed,
But went in with a rush and went through.

Hurrah, for the victory won!
For the Chief who the rally led on!
Who, when cowards stood aghast,
Nailed the flag to the mast,
Toss up ev'ry cap for Sir John!

Hurrah for the land of renown,
On whose banners the sun ne'er goes down!
For our leal-hearted Queen,
Whom we love and esteem—
For our kinsmen who rampart the Crown!

Hurrah for the New Dominion!!
For ALL our brave men and fair women!
Now the conflict is o'er,
Let us combat no more;
But all aid to build up the Dominion.

A SONG FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

The auld calendar saints cam' to grief
When our fathers dang down the craws'
nest ;
And our mither's turned o'er a new leaf,
And wad harbor nae bare-footed guests.

But tho' beed-rolls were banished the lan',
Our forefathers thought it nae shame,
That St. Andrew a saintly old man,
Should st'il mak' the Hielans his hame.

There are men that mak' little lament,
When their mony queer saints ye contemn
But as Scotchmen hae only a saint,
They think a' the mair o' that ane.

And whare'er the clansmen hae sped,
Frae New Zealand to Hudson's Bay,
You'll find there's fraction aye made
For a splore on St. Andrew's Day.

And the rafters wi' laughter will ring,
And the auld folk be fain as the young ;
And the heather blaze up as they sing,
The songs that their gran'mithers sung.

And the border raids painted by Scott,
And the love-inspired lyrics o' Burns,
Will come warm frae the heart ilk a note,
And excite and subdue them by turns.

Or they'll tell o' the brownies and fays,
That were rife in the old warld-time ;
Or their hearts will grow grite o'er the braes,
And the bonnie burn sides o' lang syne.

You may say they are clannish, the clan
Will tak' little heed what ye say,
But shou'd'er to shou'd'er they'll stan',
In bield or in battle array.

Then hurrah for the saint and his sons !
You may trust them in friendship or fray ;
And good luck to ilk neighbor that comes
To aid them to honor "The Day !"

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

AIR—"The Bonny Rows."

The lads that battled for the right,
Have bore them safely through ;
Have kept the field and won the fight,
And carried Waterloo.

CHORUS.

Hurra ! our English cavaliers,
Hurra ! our bonnets blue,
Our Irish feres ; the volunteers
Who carried Waterloo.

We stand for British rule and law,
For Briton's rights we stand ;
For liberty and loyalty,
And our adopted land.

The land our gallant fathers won,
With their good swords of old ;
In peaceful mood or deadly feud
For Britain's crown we'll hold.

Again should Treason raise her rag,
And dare the lion's frown ;
We'll rally round "the meteor flag"
And bear the rebels down.

Our loyalty shall wear no stain,
Whatever fate o'er takes ;
The ocean queen shall ever reign,
The lady of the lakes.

Hurra ! our English cavaliers,
Hurra ! our bonnets blue,
Our Irish feres—we hail with cheers,
The chief of Waterloo.
Maryville, Nichol, 1813.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS SCOTT.

Mr. Mair, who was a prisoner with Scott, murdered by the miscreant Riel and his fellow-traitors at Fort Garry, says : "Scott was murdered in cold blood. He was placed in a kneeling position and shot three balls entering his body, and he fell to the ground but not dead. Seeing that he still lived, one Parisen, a relative of the murderer of Sutherland, ran up and fired a revolver into his ear. The ball glanced between the scalp and skull. He was then transferred to his coffin, where he laid for over an hour, still quivering and alive."

IN MEMORIAM.

He fell not in breach nor in battle field,
In the rally, the route or the raid ;
They bore him not back on his batter'd shield
By the meteor flag overspread.

They doomed him to death, that rebel band,
Defiance in speech and eye—
A loyal son of the dear old land,
For the brave old flag to die.

By traitors beset, not a comrade nigh,
He knelt on the snow clad ground ;
And they murdered him there for his loyalty,
As they'd slaughter a mangy hound.

A voice has gone out from that blood-stain'd
pile,
A shout like an eagle's scream,
"Shall Briton's be butchered on British soil,
For their fealty to Britain's Queen ?"

Let our bugles respond with a thrilling knell
That will startle the wolves in their lair ;
The muster, the march—and the passing bell,
That will tell the avenger is there.

SONS OF ST. ANDREW.

Sons of St. Andrew stand
True to your native land,
Warm heart and ready hand,
Sure to defend her,
Lind of the lake and glen,
Wild wood and lofty Ben,
Fair maid and gallant men,
Greetings we send her.

Hail to the banner blue,
Standard of Alpin Dhu;
Hail to the brave and true,
Round it that gather;
Shoulder to shoulder stand,
Grap we each brother's hand,
Now for our native land,
Shout for the heather.

Far from Clan Alpine Dhu,
Wanders the bonnet blue;
Still to that magnet true,
Turns his heart thither.
Far though his love may part,
Land of his love thou art,
Ever the Scottish heart
Warns to the heather.

Hail to, &c.

Sages of peerless fame,
Heroes of deathless name,
Minstrels whose notes of flame
Kissed the heather,
Such were our sires of old,
Guarding their mountain hold,
Peasant and Baron bold
Banded together.

Hail to, &c.

Wooders to win her came,
Roman and rover Dane,
Saxon and Norman then
Thought to have bound her;
Up went the cross of flame,
Ronald and Donald came,
Clamour—and the foe in shame,
Left as he found her.

Hail to, &c.

Ours is no summer flower,
Flaunting in lady's bower;
Shrinking when tempests lour,
Blooming to wither;

High on the mountain's crest,
Shrouding the eagle's nest,
Braving the tempest's blast,
Grows the sea heather.

Hail to, &c.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

A thousand years have passed
Since first she reared it in the field,
Or nailed it to the mast,
Wherever freedom's cause was plead,

Or honor urged her clam,
Our fathers followed where it led,
And conquered where they came.

Before that flag of old renown
By British hands upheld,
A thousand banners have gone down,
A thousand hosts have quailed;
Undimmed by age it gleams as bright
As when of yore it threw
Its meteor blaze on Cressy's fight,
On Nile or Waterloo.

The battle-flag of England,
It floats from wave and strand,
O'er many a distant ocean,
O'er many a subject land.
The Hindoo gives it to the gale,
It sets the Ethiopian free;
Or streams beyond the red men's trail,
To light the Polar sea.

The annals of the olden time,
The memories of the past,
Its impress bear in every line
Imperishably cast.
The Persian banner never spread
Its folds o'er realms so wide;
The Roman eagle never made
Such flight in all her pride.

The battle flag of England,
By Wolfe or Brock unfurled,
Led on the band that won the land,
Or back the invader hurled,
And shall we veil the meteor flag,
To blazon in its stead,
Atlanti's star bedizen'd rag,
With bondsmen's blood made red.

The loyal now condemned may be,
May bear the traitor's brand;
And men who scoff at loyalty
Blue rough-shod o'er the land.
But yet though traitors crowd our land
The treason win the day,
A hundred thousand gallant hearts
Must perish in the fray.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
The heart leaps at the sound,
Air-breathes of Heaven in all her gales,
And earth is holy ground.

The joyous bells, faith soars and sings,
Amid your peals rejoice;
The hope that plumes her starry wings,
Gives gladness to your voice,

And still commingling with your strains,
Shall glad Hosannahs flow
To him who came in God's great name
Salvation to bestow.

Peal on, peal on—o'er Bethlehem's plains,
Such tidings once were sung,
And many a golden harp since then
To sing them hath been strung.

Put off, put off, the six days' load
Of sorrow, toil, and care,
Up to the hill, the house of God,
The Lord will meet you there.

And shall we see him, we who fled,
Or followed to deny;
Yes, yes to-day by faith while led,
To-morrow eye to eye.

Ye Sabbath bells, ye sabbath bells,
When time to me doth end,
Oh may I hear 'mid your rejoicing peals
The spirit say ascend.

PRAISE THE LORD.

Praise the Lord, who sought and found us—
Paid our ransom with his blood;
Now with cords of love hath bound us—
Made us kings and priests to God.

Praise the Lord, who made us willing
Peace and pardon to receive,
When from hearts with rapture swelling
Rose the whispered "I believe."

Then our bonds were burst asunder;
Then our sins were in the grave.
Lost in speechless love and wonder,
Now we feel that Christ can save.

Oh, what have we to do with merit?
Christ our righteousness appears;
He hath breathed on us his spirit,
Casting out our doubts and fears.

Once our hearts were all unholy—
Every thought a flood of sin;
Now we seek to serve him only—
Serve no other Lord but him.

Can we doubt a change so gracious—
Doubt its author—doubt its end;
Had we e'er seen time so precious
By the light which sin doth lend.

Nothing now from Christ can sever:
He will bless us—he hath blest.
Be our God and guide forever,
Bring us to his purchased rest.

Soon around the throne we'll gather,
Welcomed there by him we slew;
He'll say come, ye blessed of my father—
Take the crowns prepared for you.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS SISTER KATE.

The nuptial hour is past, my love,
The parting hour has come,
And now thou goest a husband's joy to prove,
Adieu thy childhood's home.

And now we are about to part,
I may not bid thee stay,
Who will cheer thy mother's heart
When thou art gone away.

New loves, they say, will make amends,
Thou wilt not like my care;
They tell me of a throng of friends
That wait thy joys to share.

But friendship's voice has often been
A very cuckoo call;
As clamorous as leaves when green—
As mute when they do fall.

Mine is a lasting love—
A ray from Heaven above,
That may not gild thy path again—
'Tis a mother's love.

And I have watched thee at my breast,
And cradled thee on my knee,
And felt what tongue can ne'er express,
Nor heart can feel for thee.

And I have watched the smile
That o'er thy cheeks did play,
And felt as if that smile
A mother's love did all repay.

That smile now cheers another's breast,
And I—do I repine?
Nay, I rejoice to know the blest,
And find my joy in thine.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

This little flower with azure eye,
You love it, lady—tell me why.
It seems to me nor rich nor rare,
It breathes no fragrance on the air;
Nor splendid form, nor colors bright,
May give it value in thy sight,
If not for perfume nor for show,
Pray tell me why you prize it so.

It is not rich, it is not rare,
This little flower—yet, ah, how fair.
Though it no merit else may claim
But this, "the magic of a name,"
Each tiny leaf into my ear
Is breathing names to memory dear;
The dead, the absent, the forgot,
Are whispering here, "Forget-me-Not."

THE SAILOR BOY'S FARE- WELL.

Adieu, adieu, my island home,
I hear the breakers roar,
And pant to breast the bounding waves
That battle round thy shore.
My spirit, like the mantling foam
Upon the ocean's crest,
Must onward, onward with the wave,
Or burst upon its breast.

There's honor yet for gallant deeds,
And red gold to be won,
And glorious sights to look upon
Beneath the southern sun.
A heart to dare, a hand to do,
No other boon for me;
My steed, "the courser of the deep,"
My heritage—the sea.

Yet think not that the sailor boy
Will e'er forget his home ;
My heart untravel'd still will be,
Howe'er so far I roam ;
My island home will still be mine,
Restored in all my dreams—
Home of my infant years, and of
My boyhoods joyous scenes.

I'll hear the whisper'd prayer at night,
Breathed by my mother's knee :
"Remember him, the absent one,
Our brother on the sea :"
Or smile to see my sister's cheeks
Turn pale amid their joy,
In dread the breeze they hear rush by
Should wreck their sailor boy.

My grand-dame grieves to think the child
She views with partial pride
Should be cast forth, an ocean weed,
The plaything of the tide
She dreads the dangers of the deep,
The perils that scamen prove ;
But well I know her fears to be
The blossoms of her love.

Let but the hour of danger come,
She'd blush, I'm sure, to hear
Her sailor boy was last aloft,
Or was the first to fear.
Ah, no, she'd rather hear them tell
How, batt'ling with the blast,
His foot was foremost on the shroud,
His heart to quail the last.

But I'll come back to tell her tales
Of far-off sunny lands,
Where pearls are found in ocean's caves,
And gold among the sands ;
And she will smile to see the youth
Was nurtured by her side,
Bring back to her his first won gifts
In all a sailor's pride.

Yet should I no'er return to jest
At all her fears gone by ;
Should it be mine to make my bed
Where tangled sea-weeds lie ;
A time may come perchance to weep,
Should death my hopes destroy ;
But she shall never blush to own
She loved her sailor boy.

BONNY MARY GRÆME.

"Now sit ye here, my sister dear,
And lay your cheek on mine,
And whisper in your Effie's ear
This waeft' grief o' thine.
A blight's come o'er our forest flower,
It droops baith leaf and stem ;
There's something puing at your heart,
My bonny Mary Græme."

"I feel nae pain, but only when
My Effie jeers me sae—
But tell me what gars a' the glen
Sae lightly Jamie Hay ?
There's mother glooms, and father fumes,
If they but hear his name—

But then,—he smiles so when he says
"My Bonnie Mary Græme !"

"I asked yestreen auld aunty Joan,
'Do men mend when they wed ?
'I wat fu' weel that graceless chiel
Will never mend,' she said.
Ah, well-a-day ! I tell him aye
We ne'er maun meet again ;
But then he only laughs and says,
'My bonny Mary Græme !'"

THE SONG OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

Tom Hood made the world to sigh,
When the "Song of the Shirt" was his theme,
I doubt if there's many will cry,
O'er the song of the Sewing Machine.
Alas ! for the poor white slave,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Who sung as she made, with a double thread,
A shroud, as well as a shirt !

Stitch ! Stitch ! Stitch !
When the sun was unclouded and bright,
And stitch-stitch-stitch,
When the lamps on the street were alight,
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
The graveyard was fed by the needle and thread,
'Ere the birth of the Sewing Machine.

Whir ! Whir ! Whir !
A change in the music—hurrah !
Whir ! Whir ! Whir !
The Sewing Machine's under way,
Beam and shuttle and wheel,
Wheel and shuttle and beam, [fly,
And the needles, my eye, how the fairy things
And the linen runs off in a stream.

Work ! work ! work !
As spry as a 2.20 team,
And work-work-work,
As if the thing went by steam ;
And you look for the boiler below,
But that only shows you are green,
For the hand of a girl, or the toe,
Is the power of the Sewing Machine,

Work ! work ! work !
It works without waiting to talk,
It never gets sleepy nor sick,
And it never goes out for a walk.
It's testotal record is clear ;
It never falls fast days to keep ;
Norrumbles, how queer, that bread is so dear,
While Sewing Machines are so cheap.

O ! maids who have ch'nces to seam,
O ! men who makes trows a la Turk,
Come see how this little machine,
Will save you a world of work.
Have done with your sewing by hand,
It makes you both languid and lean,
If you wish to get wealth and to husband
your health,
You must purchase a sewing machine !
You would know where these marvels are
made,
In the good Town of Guelph I reply ;

And though thousands are sold, it is said
The demand is beyond the supply.
Whir-whir-whir.
A ruce little minstrel I ween,
Yet more cheerful by far than of lute or guitar
Is the voice of the Sewing Machine.

TO THE WILD PIGEON.

(In Canada the arrival of the wild pigeon is a sure indication of the return of Spring.)

Now welcome, welcome, gentle birds,
Swift harbingers of Spring;
Ah! could I coin my heart in words,
A loftier note I'd sing.

Thy sire no warmer welcome claimed,
When to the ark he flew
With tidings that the waters waned,
Than I now give to you.

At peep of dawn I've looked for thee,
What time the clouds put on
Their gorgeous eastern drapery,
To herald forth the sun;

Gazed on the cloud-piled evening sky,
Thy coming wing to trace;
While meteor flags were waved on high,
His obsequies to grace.

Now forth to breathe the balmy air,
To hear the bright birds sing,
Reviving nature's joy to share,
To welcome back the Spring.

What time the basswood bough grew hoar,
The maple leaf grew red,
Away—for some far southern shore,
Thy restless wing was spread.

And now returned, ye rest not here,
Still onward—to proclaim
To lonely lakes and forests drear,
"The Spring is come again."

Amid the boundless fields of space,
What pilot guides thy flight?
In what untrodden wilderness
Will ye at length alight?

Oh! would the bonds around me cast
Were lightly bound as thine;
With thee I'd fly the wintry blast,
To dwell in the sunny clime.

THE REFORMED CROWS.

Who'er has heard of Illinois,
But knows how in that State the Crow is
In seed time quite a huge annoyance;
Exactng then his tithe as duly,
As if he knew the season truly,
By what the learned call 'blairvoyance.'

A farmer in that land of prairie
Had planted out his field quite early,
Thus hoping to escape detection;
But scarcely was his corn covered,
When o'er his head a legion hovered,
Resolved on personal inspection.

With voice and rill, as he might,
He cheered and charged them, left and right,
Their number grew the more enormous.
They cawed, they scratched, they hopped,
They fed,
"Try Warren" wings waved o'er his head,
Quite *a la mode* "Cornelius Corvus."

Our friend, now almost in despair,
Bethought him of a *ruse de guerre*,
And set about it on the spot,
Some grain he steeped in alcohol,
Then up and out and sows the whole
Broadcast o'er his corn-plot.

The felon crows, with stomachs empty,
Rejoice amid the unlooked for plenty.
The bait is swallowed in a clatter,
But soon each rogue begins to feel
So very queer from head to heel,
He wonders what can be the matter.

The steam is up—a polka, ho!
They hon, they skip, they jump "The Crow,"
Like other bipeds in their glory.
"All hands aloft!" up, up, oh, rare,
They're somerseting in the air,
All cawing, screaming, *con amore*.

Behold them now in sober mood,
High perched within a neighboring wood,
Discussing of their doings errant;
Though how they argued the affair,
It boots not that the muse declare,
But the result was soon apparent.

On every patch of corn around,
The crows by hundreds still were found,
Unchanged in habits or appearance.
(We don't pretend that birds have reason.)
Yet not a crow through all that season
Revisited our farmer's clearance.

STANZAS TO A ROSE IN DECEMBER.

Fair daughter of Flora, I prized thee in May,
I admired thee yet more in September;
But felt not for thee in thy beauty's bright
day

As I feel for thee now in December.

As green was thy leaf, and as fragrant thy
flower,

When the broad sun of Summer was beam-
ing;

But thousands as fair then adorned my bower,
Nor of winter or change was I dreaming.

The sun has but lingered an hour in the east,
They are sowing their heads for a token;
The north wind has breathed but a blast on
their breast,

They are withering, leafless and broken.

Thus friendship, when health and when wealth
were mine o' n,

Thou didst swear that no sign should us
sever;

But Fortune has changed her first smile to a
frown,

And with her thou hast left me for ever.

One dear one alone has loved on to the last,
Thus unaltered each season has found her;
And the whirlwind that bore all beside on its
blast,

But more close to my bosom has bound her.

I blame not the rose that with summer has
fled,

I upbraid not the changelings I cherished;
The sunflower bet lives while with sunbeams
'tis fed,

They have smiled in their seasons, and per-
ished.

I ask not the wing that can migrate at will,
Nor the flower that will fade in September;
But give me the bosom that never grows chill,
And the rose that will bloom in December.

THE SINGING-BIRDS.

We come to tarn your thoughts awhile
From politics and pelf;
To bring you proof that we've struck "file"
At singing school in Guelph.

CHORUS.

Oh, love your little singing-birds,
Throw sunshine o'er the throng;
The noon may mar with wailing words
Their merry morning song.

No bevy of fair foreign birds,
No nightingales are we,
To witch your eyes with gorgeous dyes,
Your hearts with melody.

We're just such little warbling things
As May-day wakes to sing;
No winter yet has warped our wings,
We've known no time but spring.

We meekly for your favor sue,
Mind we're but young and shy;
We're going to sing "Red, White and Blue,"
And "Comin' thro' the Rye."

And "I'm o'er young to marry yet,"
And songs with stirring words,
And every "Pa" who owns a pet
Will cheer the singing-birds.

We're freedom's fledglings, forest bred;
If caged we couldn't sing.
We dare a foeman's hand to shred
A feather from our wing!

We have no fears, our volunteers,
Again should raiders roam,
Will not forget when foes are met,
Their singing birds at home.

MARY HAY.

Alt—*Alice Gray.*

He wooed her when a happy girl,
In youth and beauty's pride;
She knew no guile, she feared no guile,
He won her for his bride.
A brief, bright hour, and then a change,
Came o'er him day by day,
And grief, oh, grief was breaking
The heart of Mary Hay.

A thousand tongues proclaimed his shame;
She struggled as for life
Against conviction, but it came,
She was a drunkard's wife,
The wine cup and the wassail bowl
Had stolen his heart away,
And grief, oh, grief was breaking
The heart of Mary Hay.

An exile from her island home,
Striving her tears to bide;
Over the waters she has come,
A maniac for her guide.
She weeps and prays for him by night,
She toils for him by day,
While grief, oh, grief is breaking
The heart of Mary Hay.

She sinks upon her lowly bed,
No friendly hand is nigh;
Her little orphans wail for bread,
She hears not now their cry.
Her cold, pale lips have breathed his name,
And now they close for aye—
Oh, grief, oh, grief has broken
The heart of Mary Hay.

The drunkard's wife sleeps sweetly now,
Her toils and tears are o'er;
She rests where Huron's waters flow,
Far from her native shore.
No tear o'er her lone tomb is shed,
None linger there to say,
Oh, grief, oh, grief has broken
The heart of Mary Hay.

THE SOCIAL CUP.

The social cup,
Oh, sip it up,
We drink at nature's fount;
The world is all
Our banquet hall,
Our guests ye may not count.

CHORUS—Then drink as we,
And drink as free,
No stinted cup is ours.
The clouds do bear
Our healthful fare,
And pour it forth in showers.

The creatures all,
In field and stall,
The tenants of the sea,
The feathered tribe,
In air that glide,
Are of our company.

Each flower holds up
Its tiny cup,
Our joyous pledge to join;
The trees do sip
With many a lip
Our health inspiring wine.

JOHN ALCOHOL.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which now you know there ain't;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark ye how ye've treated me,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
We've been o'er lang thegither;
Sae ye maun tak' ane road, John,
And I will tak' the ither;
For we maun tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will ha'e the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
Ye've bleard' out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A fiery sign atween;
My hands wi' palsy shake, John,
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
'Twas love of you, I ween,
That gar't me rise sae ear', John,
And sit sae late at e'en.
The best o' frien's maun part, John,
It grieves me sair, ye know;
But we'll "gang nae mair to yon town,"
John Alcohol, my joe.

John Alcohol, my joe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith,
And yet to part wi' you, John,
It seems I'm unco laith.
I'll join the Temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no;
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my joe.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Air—*The Boatie Rows.*

A noble band, we fill the land,
A noble cause we plead;
The fair and true the wide world through
Are wishing us good speed.

CHORUS.

The plea goes on, the day's our own,
The good cause must succeed;
A noble band, with heart and hand,
Are aiding it to speed.
The potion foul, the drunkard's bowl,
We pledge to mix no more;
The drunkard's name, the drunkard's shame,
We'd banish from our shore.

The cause of youth, the cause of truth,
The cause of man we plead;
The cause that dries the mother's eyes,
And gives the children bread.

From Labrador to Erie's shore,
The cause goes cheerily on,
The shouts that rise 'neath eastern skies,
We echo from Huron.

On ev'ry sea our navies be,
On ev'ry shore an host;
There ne'er was plan devised by man,
A league so large might boast.

With such array, who dreads the fray,
Press onward to the goal;
By night or day, by deed or say,
No truce with Alcohol!

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

COLD WATER EDITION.

March, march, cold water liege-men all—
Daughters and Sons and Cadets of the Order.
March! march! soon 'neath a sable pall
Bear we King Alcohol over the border!

Come we in war array,
Banded for feud or fray,
March we with shouts to-day over the border;
Here is no fighting gear,
Battle-axe, brand or spear;
Symbols of love we bear—peace and good
order.

What though our cause in the sight of the
scoffer,
Hopeless and vain for a season may show!
What does he know of the boon which we
proffer?
What of our motives or strength does he
know?

Love to our fellow men
Urges to warn them,
Bid us the cup refrain—pledge of our Order;
Stands by the drunkard's bier,
Points to the orphan's tear,
Prompts us the foe to bear over the border.

Youth by our standards our triumphs are
singing,
Age smiles thro' tears as the white badge
he dons,
Woman around us her influence flinging,
Priests by the altars are blessing the Sons!

Ours is no feeble band,
Qualling when foes withstand.
Here in our forest land—over the border,
Hosts of true-hearted men,
Marshall'd by lake and glen,
Echo our shout again—"Way for the Order!"

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS
OF DRUNKENNESS.

THE DEATH OF ELAH—I. KINGS, CHAP. XVI.

The steeds are harnessed to the car,
The spearmen in array;
Is it to worship or to war
The King goes forth to-day?

The host is camped by Gibeon,
At Bethel is the shrine;
But Elah is to Tirzah gone,
To drown his cares in wine.

A thousand torches throw their glare,
A thousand goblets gleam,
A thousand guests are waiting there
To banquet with the King.

To-night with pomp of chivalry,
The feast doth Arza dight;
And Israel's monarch deigns to be
His vassal's guest to-night.

Speeds on the feast—within, around,
The flagons flow amain;
The cymbal's clash, the trumpet's sound
Wakes high the festal strain.

The reeling nobles raise the shout,
The King! the King all hail!"
The monarch pours libations out
To Asharoth or Baal.

What recks he that Hasnani's son
Denounced Ahijah's line?
Ah, tell it not in Askelon,
The King is drunk with wine.

No warder wakes on Tirzah's walls,
Her gates stand open wide;
The war steeds slumber in their stalls,
The shields are thrown aside.

Unalld, a chief is passing on,
Unchallenged mid the crows;
A dagger glances by the throne—
The King hes in his blood.

Ho! Arza, up and guard thy Lord,
Cry treason—lift the spear;
Ho! princes, nobles, draw the sword—
Ye stand in doubt and fear.

The wine-cup triumphs, Elah dies,
The drunkard's doom is won;
Baasha's heir unshrouded lies,
And Zimri mounts the throne.

Again the brazen trumpets sound,
Again the minstrels sing;
The knee is bent, the shout goes round,
"God save our lord the king."

THE TRIAL OF THE RECHABITES.

JEREMIAH, CHAP. XXXV.

The chamber of Hanan—the guests are all met,
The wine-pots and flagons in order are set;
And the prophet stands forth the command
to enjoin,
"Ye children of Rechab, I bid you drink wine."

How lofty their bearing, how noble their mien,
The heirs of a monarch these shepherds might seem;
They pause not to parley, nor blush to confess,

"No wine for the children of Jonadab's race.
Our father commanded; no houses have ye,
Your home be the land where the roebuck
roams free;
Nor trace ye the furrow, nor train ye the vine;
We build not, we sow not, we will not drink
wine.

Did Jonadab deem it the basilisk's lair,

And point to the wine-cup, and bid us be-
ware?

Or promise our days in the land should be
more,

With the wild fowl's drink than the wine-
drinker's store?

And shall we, his children, his counsel con-
temn,

And barter our birthright for bondage and
shame?

The youth in his spring-time, the babe at the
breast,

The maid and the matron obey the behest;
The wave of the Jordan o'er Carmel shall
flow,

Ere we pass from the precept we fearless
avow.

The Chaldee has swept o'er the land like a
flood,

And the wolf and the vulture are batt'ning in
blood,

We fled from the invader we might not repel,
And to-day, in the city, as strangers we dwell;

To-morrow the star of Chaldea may wane;
Away to the forest and freedom again."

The doom of Judea the seer has denounc'd,
Now hear ye the boon which obedience has
won;

Their fame who the wine cup have loath'd
and renounc'd,

Shall last while the tide of existence doth run,
"While nations shall rise, and shall flourish,
and then

The sites of their cities be sought for in vain;
While the sun holds his course and the world
doth stand,

The Rechabite never shall cease from the
land."

Sound, sound the loud trumpet, go forth and
proclaim,

The heirs of the promise, still true to their
fame;

Away in the desert, the Arab can tell,
Preserved from contagion, the wineless still
dwell;

The nations have passed as the waves o'er the
strand,

But the children of Rechab still dwell in the
land.

THE DEFEAT OF BENHADAD.

2 KINGS, CHAP. XX.

Look forth where the camp of the heathen is
spread,

Like the sheaves on the fallow when harvest
has sped,

The sun has uprisen—ere yet he be low,
As the sheaves when out-rotten that proud
host will show.

Again the pavilions are decked for the feast,
And the warrior kings 'neath their canopies
rest,

And the pipe and the viol are pouring their
strain,

And Benhadad presides at the banquet again.
They fill the rich chalice, they quaff the full
cup,

Who waits for the revel till Dian be up?

The serf may drink mead by the light of the moon,
But the princes must drink, and be drunken,
by noon.
Away with the laurel, bring leaves from the vine,
And wreaths for the brows of the victor-chief twine.

He scoffs at the tidings his satraps relate,
"A squadron comes forth from Samaria's gate—"
"Or come they to yield them, or come they to strive,
Bid seize them, and bind them, but bring them alive."

Inspired by the promise the Hebrew comes on,
He deems of the battle already as won,
As the spring of the panther when driven to bay—
As the swoop of the eagle when impaling his prey,
He bounds on the foe from the mountain's steep crest—
The line and the phalanx are forming in haste;
The charge and the melee—a moment, and then

The wreck of the battle spreads over the plain.
The cohorts are broken, the standards are down,
The riders dismounted, the chariots o'erthrown,
And the legions of Ashur are melting away
Like the mists on Mount Ebal when summer winds play.

Where now is Benhadad, to fight in the van,
To lead on the rally 'gainst Ephraim and Dan,
To charge with the horsemen, to stand with the foot,
To rein up his war-steed, and stay the pursuit?

The monarch is mounted, but not for the fight—
Benhadad is leading, but 'tis in the flight—
And the kings of the Gentiles, his partners in shame,
The guests of the banquet, sweep on in his train.

Now hie thee to Ramoth, to Aphek away,
And tell of the feats thou hast acted to-day;
The Hebrew has burst from the Syrian's thrall,
But the wines of Damascus will solace for all.

Abba, Father, we entreat
That to thy glory we may eat;
That Thou, the Giver of all good,
Would grant a blessing with this food,
That eat our meat and drink may be
To do thy will and live to Thee.
With single hearts our bread may break,
And live by faith for Jesus' sake.

